Wax

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Wax

by EmeraldTrident

Summary

Le Chiffre invites his friends over to watch him play with Will again, but this time they're allowed to touch. But, only a little bit.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will hissed softly as the buckle was tightened around his wrist. “The eyelets are cold,” he chuckled.

“Kept them in the freezer,” Le Chiffre said with a smirk walking around Will to secure the second buckle around his fiancée’s other wrist.

“Why?”

Le Chiffre shrugged threading the leather through the loop and tugging hard.

“Fuck,” Will said trying to lift his wrists but was held down, not able to move more than an inch in any direction. His ankles were also secured to the wooden block of table. He was nude, his cock hard against his groin, leaking in anticipation. “When are they going to be here?”

Le Chiffre rolled his suit cuff up to check his watch. “Soon.”

Will found it comical, Le Chiffre was so formal, suit and tie while he was on display, indecent, wanton. It made the situation that much more erotic.

“I’m freezing,” Will said, wriggling his lower half against the table as much as he could, his head was propped up comfortably with a pillow so he wouldn’t have to crane his neck.

“Shall I get the candle wax?” Le Chiffre smoothed Will’s hair back from his temple. “Hm? That should warm you up.”

Will nodded. “Please,” he sighed.

Le Chiffre laughed, a low chuckle near Will’s ear. “I already have you in quite the state don’t I?”

Will nodded again, wishing he could see Le Chiffre’s face but he was unable to turn his head from his bound position. “Yes, Daddy.”

Le Chiffre hissed. “My friends are going to love you. Gunna wish they could take you home with them. As always. But they can’t.” Le Chiffre trailed the pad of his index finger from Will’s belly button slowly up up up to the tip of his chin. “Can they?” Will’s chest was rising and falling slowly, so lost in his love’s touch. So excited for what was the come.

Will shook his head. “I’m yours.”

“That’s right,” Le Chiffre said, kissing the lobe of Will’s ear, his lips barely touching the skin.

The doorbell of their home rang and Le Chiffre chuckled. “Show time.”

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“There he is.”

“Been thinking about this all day.”

“You’re so fucking lucky, man.”

Three of Le Chiffre’s friends followed him into the room were Will was bound, their eyes immediately transfixed on Le Chiffre’s boy, as always.

Le Chiffre had played with Will in front of them many times, allowing the men to touch themselves while he did so, but they were never allowed to touch Will. This would be different. This time they would all be allowed to touch his prized possession. Not with their mouths or their cocks but with their hands.

Le Chiffre had sent out the invitation weeks in advance, with the added rule. They could stroke Will on his body, his face, his hair, his skin, but not his cock or his ass. Le Chiffre knew all too well how easily overwhelmed his boy could get from being caressed and what could be better than multiple hands softly petting him at once.

“Say hello, my love,” Le Chiffre said. “Remember your manners.”

“Hi,” Will said softly eyeing the men standing behind his fiancée. He licked his lips heavily. “Did you all come to watch Daddy touch me again?”

“God damn,” one of the men said under his breath, already reaching to pet himself through his slacks.

“Gunna touch you too, precious,” another said.

The third stood quiet, observing the scene. Will remembered the man from the time before, he’d never heard him speak a word but he always got himself off.

“You still cold, Honey?” Le Chiffre said. “You still want what we talked about?”

Will nodded. “Please.”

Le Chiffre walked to gather the jar candle from the mantle over the fireplace. Will watched his man walk closer to him, the jar tight in his grasp, a shiver running down his spine at the sight. He and Le Chiffre had played with candles many times but never with anyone watching.

“Make yourselves at home,” Le Chiffre instructed his friends. “Kneel around him. Touch yourselves, caress his body. But if you even so much as fantasize about touching him in any of the unapproved areas you’ll have your fingers chopped off with the knife in my pocket. Am I understood?”

The men all nodded in agreement, muttering their understandings as they dropped to the floor around the gently writhing boy. Will couldn’t move nearly as much as he’d liked to, but he wasn’t held completely stagnant. It was all so perfect, just enough pressure to keep him still but also captive.

One of the men stationed themselves on Will's left, one on the right, and the quiet man kneeled behind Will's head to caress his collar bones, his cheek pressed softly against the side of Will's forehead. The men on his sides went to work softly stroking Will's bare legs with the backs of their knuckles and their nails.

Will kept his eyes on Le Chiffre, keening at the sensations of all the strange hands on him. This was all for them, Le Chiffre and himself. The men served as mere toys for their pleasure.

"Ready, Baby?" Le Chiffre tilted the jar to the side, feet about Will's bare skin.

Will nodded, an unintelligible whine escaping his lips.

Le Chiffre tilted the jar and a tiny drop of crimson red wax landed directly on Will's sweat-dampened sternum.

The second the wax touched his skin Will gasped and his eyes closed, his head tilted back so the mute man and himself were cheek to cheek for a moment. He moaned and his body shivered. The contrast of the freezing cuffs holding him down combined with the hot wax was almost enough to send him over the edge.

Le Chiffre didn't give him a warning for the second drip of wax as he poured it in a line down Will's stomach, the end stopping just over his belly button. Will cried out.

"Fuck," he whimpered. He looked up at Le Chiffre with tears in his eyes. The men were petting him, and the one at his side was shushing him softly. Will could hear the sounds of the men stroking their cocks with the hands not on his body. It was all so wrong, so filthy. He felt like he could come at any moment.

Le Chiffre tilted it again leaving two consecutive drops directly overtop of each of Will's nipples. "Daddy," he whined. "Please." The wax quickly cooled on Will's skin, hardening around his nipples. Le Chiffre got the sudden desire to gently nibble the wax off but he knew that would be too much for his boy. It would send him right over. And he was having fun teasing him.

"One more," Le Chiffre cooed. "Can my boy do one more?"

Will nodded. His chest quivering.

Le Chiffre smirked. Will knew that look.

It was as if in slow motion, the last and heaviest drip of hot wax landed directly onto the shaft of Will's cock. "Fuck!" Will cried, tugging at his shackles as his eyes closed again. His hips raised as much as they were able as he bucked up. His thighs trembling.

Le Chiffre blew out the candle and dropped to his knees, so he was by Will's side, pressing his lips against Will's quivering mouth. Will blindly accepted his love's tongue as he held his face and kissed him. The men's hands on his body didn't stop, one of their nails ghosted Will's inner thigh cause his leg to twitch as he moaned into Le Chiffre's embrace.

“That good, Baby?” He smoothed Will’s hair back from his sweaty forehead.

Will nodded. “M’so close.”

“I know,” Le Chiffre said. “Do you want to show them how overwhelmed you can get? Hm?”

“Yeah,” he breathed hot against Le Chiffre’s lips. “Yeah,” he repeated again with a nod and a whine.

“Good boy. I brought your favorite.” He smirked, producing a little silicone ring from his suit pocket. It was blue and transparent with two battery powered vibrating bullets on either side. Le Chiffre knew it drove his boy mad.

“God…”

“Shh,” Le Chiffre said lifting Will’s wax-dripped cock to slide the silicone ring over the top of his cock head to rest just below it. “This shouldn’t take long, should it?”

Will shook his head.

“That’s not the fun part though is it?” Le Chiffre cooed. Will knew the fun part for Le Chiffre when using that particular toy was to watch Will try to escape his pleasure but being unable to. The overstimulation would be torture but in the very best of ways. Will’s breath quickened knowing what was coming.

Will could feel the mute man’s breath against his neck from where he kneeled, stroking his cock fast beneath the table. One of the men to the side of Will had already come but continued petting Will’s hip bone with the back of his hand.

“Watch this, boys,” Le Chiffre said as he pressed the button on the silicone toy causing it to begin vibrating fiercely.

Will gasped out a breath and whine as his eyes struggled to stay on Le Chiffre but kept closing from overwhelming pleasure coursing through his body. “Come on,” Le Chiffre cooed. “Go ahead and let go.” He caressed Will’s cheek. Will’s entire body was trembling and his breaths were hitching. “Continue touching him,” he directed to the men. “Poor baby is so overwhelmed.”

Le Chiffre stroked the base of Will’s cock and gently pat his smooth balls. “So close, honey. I can tell. Let go.”

One of the man’s hands made their way to Will’s lower stomach inches from where his cock was laying with the toy. Gently tickling there with his nails. Will whined closing his eyes and bucking up as he came all over his stomach and chest. His hips bucked again and again, his mouth spilled with whimpers.

“Shh,” the mute man behind Will soothed, his hand coming up to gently cover his mouth.

Le Chiffre shifted in his position about to reprimand the man from doing so but Will seemed to enjoy it, pressing the side of his head against the man’s cheek as he allowed him to try and

silence him, to no avail. Tears streamed down Will's cheeks to die at the strange man's hand as his never ending whines continued to press against his palm.

The man lifted his hand and Will looked at Le Chiffre. "Please, take it off," he whined. The pleasure continued to batter him in rolling tides trying to make sure he never got to the surface again. His hips continued to lift as he sobbed, tugging at the restraints. Le Chiffre smiled continuing to gently pet the dried wax on Will's cock. He hadn't used the safe word. He wanted the feeling of overstimulation. Loved feigning the feeling of not being able to escape.

"Just a little longer, Baby," he cooed.

Will cried, his body trembling and twitching all over, as he fucked up into the open air as if attempting to knock the ring off the head of his cock. The men half heartedly tried holding Will's legs down through their continuous gentle caresses but they couldn't contain him. Will's face was covered in tears all the way down his neck. "Fuck, please," he whined.

Le Chiffre knew Will had had enough, even without using his safe-word. He reached up and slipped the ring off, pressing the button and placing it back into his suit jacket in one swift movement. "It's okay," He shushed him softly, petting his face. "That was a lot wasn't it? So good, baby. You're so good." Will nodded and whimpered, accepting Le Chiffre's kiss again.

"If you haven't come yet, you have two minutes before I kick you out," he addressed the other two men who hadn't finished yet. Le Chiffre kissed his boy as the men touched themselves bringing themselves to completion.

"I trust you to see your way out," he addressed them again without opening his eyes.

"Thanks, man."

"Pleasure as fucking always."

The men got up and left, the front door shutting behind all three men leaving Le Chiffre and Will alone again.

"You still need to get off?" Will said, nuzzling his nose against Le Chiffre's cheek.

Le Chiffre nodded.

Will opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue, a silent invitation.

"God, I fucking love you," Le Chiffre stood and unbuckled his pants, stroking himself over Will's mouth, the head laying on top of Will's warm wet tongue as he stared up at him, his eyes half-lidded. He came, coating Will's tongue in white. He moaned loud, his hips bucking forward as Will wrapped his lips around Le Chiffre's cock suckling gently as his man came down from his high.

Le Chiffre collapsed to his knees again, pulling Will back in to kiss his lips once more and taste himself on his love's tongue.

“Now get me out of these shackles,” Will sighed against his lips with a chuckle.

“Thought I’d leave you in them for the night,” Le Chiffre tried saying with a straight face.

“Oh? Try it. You’ll wake up in the morning and your Lamborghini will have mysteriously gone missing.”

Le Chiffre laughed, hiding his face in Will’s neck.

“Heard the thrift store needs some donations…your watch collection would be perfect,” Will continued.

“The sad part is I don’t put any of that past you,” He said beginning to unbuckle Will’s wrist straps.

“As you shouldn’t.”

“Fucking brat.”

They laughed again, kissing.

End Notes

I always enjoy some comments! 💐

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